Inmates of Bronx "Zoo" Have Their Own Ways of Hailing Summer Time

Many of the Furry Creatures, Ill Costumed for Heat, Highly Disapprove the Hot Season.

NOW that the straw hat has come into its own again and the steady screech of the peanut wagon whistle is harassing Gotham, visiting and resident New Yorkers are swarming out to The Bronx to click through the gates that led them into the Zoo.

By this admirable process the people see the best collection of strange and curious varmints in the world, while the animals pipe off many of the queer humans in which our little island abounds. There is a certain justice in this, when you reflect upon it.

Every one seems to go. One wonders what the clamorous summer gardens and boat lines do for patrons on the day of rest after the Zoo gets its crowd. It takes about two trips to the park to make a person a regular patron of the Zoo. Out there they tell you there is only one class of the human that can't spend several hours among the cages without being deeply interested all of the time.

"And what class is that?" you wonder.

"The genuine dead ones—the ones that sleep out in the cemeteries with the marble 'At rest' tablets over their heads."

Truly it would seem that such is the case. Week before last President Taft found time in a mile-a-minute programme to spend a couple of hours at the Zoo. Reciprocity, insurgents, unreasonable trusts, the Mexican trouble—all those things he left at the gate and forgot as long as he was looking in through the bars of the cages. He was introduced to Baldy, the high school orang-outang, whose manners are perfect and who eats from a plate and table just as we, his alleged descendants do. He shook hands with Baldy also—and the "monk" seemed to get some glimmering of the honor done him, for he applauded vigorously after the Presidential palm had left his. Mr. Taft enjoyed himself as naturally and thoroughly as any of the wide-eyed kids who divided their attention between the animals and the President. When the visit was over the President showed a marked reluctance in returning to the Zoo entrance, where reciprocity, insurgency, trusts and all the rest were waiting for him.

Most of the animals are prepared by a far sighted nature to get rid of some of their home grown clothes for these hot days. The fur covered animals are shedding now—which adds as much to their comfort as it takes from their looks. The buffaloes present a ragged, moth-eaten appearance. Their coats seem to have dropped off in patches, leaving bare areas, the hair from which is festooned on the wire fences.

"Them buffalo look like they needed resodding," is the way an old gardener expressed it. Which is about right.

The polar bears take the summer weather most to heart. They don't shed their fur. One of them especially—Silver King—is going to make one long, continuous pant of it until the freezing weather comes back and relieves him. The King hasn't been with us long. He would still be romping about the uncut icebergs of his beloved Arctic regions had it not been for a certain rope and a certain hunter.

The hunter was Paul J. Rainey, and the rope was Mr. Rainey's lasso. The rope and hunter came upon Silver King disporting himself upon a large slice of frozen water under the Aurora last July. The bear "beat it" for the mainland when he saw the hunters, but they cut him off from the shore, got the rope about his furry neck, and dragged him aboard their schooner. Hence his royal highness is spending the dog days in New York and is thinking gadly of settling here for the rest of his life.

The best thing the bear can do is to sprawl himself out over the concrete floor of his cage, to give wandering breezes every chance to play over his white fur, and dream about zero weather. He gets worlds of sympathy from the crowds that gather admiringly about his prison, but that isn't going to make the thermometer drop any. Keepers at the bear cages go about their work in a shower of foolish questions from the crowds. One woman with a comfortable, upstate appearance was so moved by Silver King's appearance one hot day last week that she offered to give him the palm leaf fan she was working.

"That's the only one I've got, and I don't know where I could buy another one in New York," she added, to show the sacrifice she was willing to make.

"Why don't you clip the polar bears in the summer?" is a question the keepers have to answer a hundred times a day.

One long headed young woman discovered even that the polar bears were better off than their colleagues of other colors. She figured it out this way:

"Every one knows that white is cooler than dark colors. Isn't that correct? Well, what right has the polar bear to file a protest when the black bears and the brown bears all have to wear much warmer colors through the summer?"

This hot weather stuff isn't making any appreciable difference to the little Japanese bear that has a small cage all to himself, just west of the bear dens. The keepers say the Jap has some load upon his heart. He is troubled by something. From morning until night, winter, summer, fall and spring, the Nippon bear walks around and around and around in his little cage. His eyes are cast on the floor and he makes the circuits as conscientiously as though he were getting good money for every lap. He never pauses to beg the forbidden peanut from kindly passersby; he is too busy doing the pedestrian merry-go-round in his little cage. It is estimated that he passed the grandstand 750,000 times last month.

"There's one thing I could do with that Jap bear," Curator Raymond L. Ditmars admitted. "I could make him a treadmill and get some use out of all that waste energy. But it wouldn't be exactly right. It's bad enough to be condemned to prison for life, without adding hard labor to the sentence."

Our water famine is beginning to be felt in the Zoo hippopotamus department. It takes a good deal of that necessary liquid to give Pete, the big hippo, a bath, and if Pete could have his way life would be one continuous bath for him. Fred Richardson, the head keeper, is constantly being hammered with the question as to what he is going to do for the bulky Pete when the water mains go dry.

"That's not keeping me awake these nights," answered Richardson. "I'll simply put a saddle on him and ride him over to the Hackensack River. Plenty of water there, and Peter doesn't care whether he gets his through a pumping station or not."

Richardson's pets don't have to do any worrying about the hot weather. Although they have hides the thickness of which is measured by inches and which look like old asphalt, they get fat during the hot weather.

It is a curious fact that many visitors to the Zoo are anxious to take the chances of arrest by giving the elephants things they ought not to have. These animal mountains are great beggars—they always have their mouths open for people to throw things into, and the temptation is too strong for many erring brothers. If they don't happen to have any peanuts on them they will throw the first thing they can get their fingers on.

Two young men of an experimental turn of mind came down from Connecticut recently to see the sights, and drifted out to the Zoo. In the course of this drifting they ran across Gunda, one of the big elephants. Gunda upon seeing the gentlemen from Connecticut promptly pointed her trunk in the direction of the North Star and opened her mouth to the last notch for them to cast something into—peanuts preferred. The young experimenters being out of peanuts threw in something they did happen to have. This turned out to be a box of matches. Gunda ground the matches between her jaws and some of them became ignited. She raised a racket that could have been heard down at the Battery, if it had been a quiet day. As a result of this noise the young men were arrested and fined $5 each and advised to carry on their natural history experiments on animals not in captivity at the Bronx Zoo. They promised eagerly.

Richardson has taught two of his elephants to signal to him when any visitor tries these funny tricks on them. Alice will raise her voice and trumpet until some one comes and catches the culprit. Alice has a voice. It isn't every elephant that has one of these. Of course, all of them can make a noise, but the young ones can't produce a full sized roar like the one Alice hands out when some joker tries to feed her cigar stubs. Congo, being young and having no voice to speak of, was provided with another form of danger call. Richardson hung a dinner bell in the smaller elephant's cell, and showed him how to ring it when any one threw him something that he didn't like. The signals have almost put a stop to the practice of this form of so-called practical joke in the elephant house.

The monkeys have been getting their full share of the spotlight lately. Fred Engeholm, head keeper of monks, has fitted up an outside cage, and every afternoon at 3 o'clock he gives nine of his chimpanzees a dinner, to which no society people are invited. There always is a large audience waiting to see the monkeys at luncheon. Susie, the star of the team, has spanned the ages and risen to the dignity of clothes. She sits at a table by herself, while the remaining eight have to eat from a long table behind her. All of the monks sit in chairs and use forks in eating—till the trainer turns his back. He has Susie and Baldy educated up to the point where they are willing to walk without touching their hands to the ground, and any trainer will tell you that this is one of the hardest lessons to teach our simian cousins.

Susie also delights her daily audiences by going to bed, rolling a baby carriage and applauding herself heartily after each of her "stunts." She has developed a passion for ice cream cones, and when she and Baldy have done exceptionally well with their performance Engeholm takes them over and "sets 'em up" at the soda fountain.

In private life this Baldy has a great ambition. He came to the Zoo in 1907, and ever since then he has been working on the task that is the guiding star of his young life. In his cage are two shelves, one above the other, and both at the back. The floor of the cage is covered with nice clean straw, in which the monks roll with each other in solemn-faced play. Now, Baldy has always wanted to put some of that straw on the top shelf of his cage. To date his ambition in unfulfilled. He keeps at the work with a tenacity worthy of any cause.

The Socially Inclined Enjoy It Because Now They Entertain Crowds on Every Bright Day.

He will gather his long arms full of straw and grab the edge of the shelf with one hand. The edge is smooth, and before he can climb up he slips back and falls with a heavy thump on the straw covered floor. Then he will sit for a minute, scratch his head and gaze from the straw to the coveted top shelf. His face looks a thousand years old, and is as grave as Mr. Darwin's must have been when he was hatching out his famous theory.

Baldy refuses to throw up the sponge. It probably will be better for him if his ambition is never accomplished. After he gets that armful of straw into the upper berth he won't have anything to live for.

One of the things that impress one most among the attendants at the Zoo is their loyalty to their own departments. The man who works with the snakes has the idea firmly set in his head that his pets are about as clever as those of any other building in the Zoo. The keeper who takes care of the birds can't see why the entire crowd doesn't hang around his place all the time. The elephant man doesn't have much respect for the monkey house, and the monkey house man wouldn't work in any other department if they would double his money.

"Have you anything particularly interesting in here?" a visitor inquired of Samuel Stacy, headkeeper of the bird house.

"Have I anything particularly interesting!" Stacy repeated indignantly. "Everything I have here is particularly interesting. Come along and I'll prove it."

Before they had crossed the room Mr. Stacy pointed out one of the "regulars." He was a little old man, with spectacles and a face that seemed sour. He was peering through the cage where the shore birds are kept. Suddenly the face lit up and lost its sourness. He puckered his thin lips and gave a queer, haunting call. A small brown striped bird, that was industriously scratching in the sand, raised its head and answered the old man's call with one just like it. The old man was immensely tickled.

"He'll be happy for a week now," Stacy said. "He comes here every few days. I don't know who he is or what he does. I don't believe he ever enters any of the other Zoo houses. He is a bird 'bug.'"

Past great cages of screaming parrots we walked. Before these cages were groups of women asking the parrots over and over again whether or not they would like to have crackers. You cannot expect a parrot to develop much originality when that is about the only question persons ever ask him.

"See that boy?" asked Stacy, indicating a bird with a dark blue coat of velvetlike feathers. "That's the Australian satin bower bird. We had a pair of them, but the female died, and this one doesn't take much interest in things now. They get their name from the habit they have of making bowers in which to play with their mates. They place sticks in the ground in a row and with the tops pointing toward each other. The male then gathers pieces of bridge pebbles and stones and decorates the bower with them. When this is fixed the two birds dance and waltz in and out among the stakes. It sounds like a pipe—but these used to do it right here in the bird house before the female died."

Another one of his favorites is Milliner, the largest of the Zoo's pelicans. Milliner has found a way of amusing himself by a sort of harmless duck hunt. He will catch one of the teal ducks which are in the same cage with him, and snap the smaller bird up in the pouch beneath his bill. In a moment he opens his big yellow beak, and the teal flies out unharmed. And Milliner stretches his beak in a yard-long grin after each of these catches.

The prize actor of the whole collection is the secretary bird. These are the snake-killers—the white hopes of the bird race. Any snake that gets into the ring with these birds might as well say goodby to his family and have his will drawn at once. The secretary birds claim Africa as their home address. They are about three feet tall, and have long legs covered with black feathers down to the knee. It makes them look as though they were wearing short trousers. They get their name from the feathers that stick out from their heads, giving them the appearance of having writing quills stuck behind their ears.

They eat snakes and rats and such unpleasant things. Every now and then

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Mr. Wysp, His Wife and a China Pig

By Helena Smith Dayton.

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ISABEL WYSP was penny wise and Henry Wysp was pound foolish. A dollar to Isabel was every penny of one hundred cents, but to Henry it was merely "a dollar." Henry had an affluent way of bundling his protesting wife into a taxicab and saying, "Only a dollar of so, my dear, and cheap at the price!" And Isabel would figure that she could have gone twenty or forty places on streetcars-to-the-very-door for that sum. Or she could have put the money in the china pig.

"Now, see here, Isabel," said Henry one evening, "to-morrow I want you to take Blinking's wife out for the day and give her the best feminine blowout the town affords. He writes me she's coming on with him and you will have an opportunity to help me in a diplomatic way. It's the first whack at some of Blinking's business I've had, and all my competitors turn the town over entertaining Blinking when he comes on. You get the idea?"

"I'll give Mrs. Blinking the time of her life," said Isabel, enthusiastically.

"Here's $20," said Henry. "Will that be enough?"

"Enough?" gasped Isabel. "Good gracious!"

"Here's $30 then," said Henry, misunderstanding his wife's dismay.

"Shall I buy her some clothes?" asked Isabel innocently.

"Clothes?" repeated Henry. "Buy clothes for Franklin Blinking's wife? Why, he's rich. No! Buy marshmallows or soda water or whatever you womenfolks consider a hurrah of a time. Swell luncheon and all that. And don't forget that Mrs. Blinking is—Mrs. Blinking."

That night Isabel dreamed of eating a million dollars' worth of marshmallows and swimming in a billion dollar tank of chocolate soda.

The next afternoon she called for Mrs. Blinking at her hotel and was greatly relieved to find the wife of the millionaire a pleasant little woman without a gold mesh bag or vanity case. Instead of a gold mesh bag and vanity case, Mrs. Blinking carried an oval black velvet bag with a black silk cord. It was twin sister to one that Isabel carried, which had cost $2.75. And as Isabel noted this she gave a great sigh of relief and linked her arm coolly in Mrs. Blinking's.

"What would you like to do first?" asked Isabel.

"I'm in your hands," said Mrs. Blinking, gayly.

"We might look through the stores," said Isabel.

"I'd adore it," said Mrs. Blinking. "I've lots of shopping to do. You know I live in a small town and——"

"Suppose we go to Timmon & Co.'s first?" suggested Isabel.

"I don't think I know that shop," said Mrs. Blinking. "Lead on, my dear!"

It never occurred to Isabel that they might take a taxicab to make a tour of the shops. It was quite a distance to Timmon & Co.'s, and they walked, Mrs. Blinking stopping to look into windows on the way and often entering to make purchases of articles in the windows.

The morning simply flew by. Luncheon time found them still exploring Timmon & Co.'s. "We might have luncheon here," suggested Isabel. "The restaurant is very good. Or would you prefer?"——

"Here, by all means!" declared Mrs. Blinking.

It was a chicken-salad-eclaire feast, and at its conclusion Isabel was shocked to find that it was too late for the matinee that she had planned as something really nice to do for her guest. Mrs. Blinking interrupted her apology with, "My dear Mrs. Wysp, let us just poke around the way we have this morning."

There was some more shopping, and then Isabel proposed taking in a suffrage meeting, "just to see what it was like," and from there they dropped into an auction, and Mrs. Blinking bid on a mahogany bureau and turned pale until some one went higher, and then they took in a free exhibit of advertising art and by that time it was the proper hour to seek out a tearoom. It was a quaint, tucked-away sort of little tea place, and Mrs. Blinking ate three pieces of the homemade cake.

As far as Isabel could see, the day had been a success. Hadn't Mrs. Blinking kissed her goodby?

But Henry Wysp sat in stony silence as the incidents were faithfully related. Isabel was too busy stuffing greenbacks into the little china pig to notice his lack of approval.

"How much of that $30 did this Roman holiday of yours cost?" he asked at length.

Isabel had jotted down her expense account on the way home in the streetcar. She proudly handed him the slip and he read:

Luncheon	$1 62
Car fare	15
Tea	75
Violets (for both)	50
Total	$3 02

"Well," said Henry, when he could speak, "I guess this economy of yours will cost me about $15,000 in trade. Let me take that blamed pig a minute."

Isabel handed him the pig.

And then Henry Wysp did the most brutal act of his life. He smashed the little china bank masquerading as a blue pig on the hearth of the fireplace.

"Isabel," he said, above her sobs, "you are not naturally stingy, but that—er—pig habit is growing on you. Please let this be a lesson to you. I'll do the rainy day saving in this family, and anything I give you is to be spent on pleasant days. I dread to face Blinking in the morning!"

If Isabel could have heard the conversation that took place between her Henry and Mr. Blinking the next morning, though, she wouldn't have spent the entire day with her face buried in pocket handkerchiefs.

"Say, Wysp," was Blinking's greeting, "that was a dandy time your wife gave mine yesterday. Made a great hit with the Mrs. She says it was the first time she's ever been made to feel at home in this city—and not treated like an outsider who has to be shown the feminine equivalent of the elephant. She's a great bargain hunter, and the other ladies who have taken her about—business friends' wives—have led her to the most expensive shops, and her to the most expensive shops so she wouldn't think they were pikers. Then they'd make her eat a lot of stuff for luncheon that didn't agree with her—she has to diet—and your wife gave her just the sort of spread she likes. Why, Lottie says she knows this town now better than she ever did on all the trips here put together. Your wife has got sense, Wysp. Bring her out with you when you come."

Wysp murmured something polite.

"And let me tell you another thing, Wysp," said Blinking. "I'm a funny kind of man perhaps, but I see something more than my wife's good time in all this. For years different parties, mentioning no names, have put me under all sorts of obligations to buy their goods, by extravagant entertainment. Now, you haven't tried to buy my good will by making a big flash for my wife. You sell your goods on their merit and that's the way I like to do business. Now!" And when Blinking brought his fists down on his knees that way, there wasn't much else to do, except to take his money.

That evening when Henry appeared before Isabel he was beaming. "Isabel, I've got a little present for you. But, first, I want to impress upon your mind that it's the exception that proves the rule. You have used up the exception and there isn't another like it in the whole world. But, since it is the exceptional case with which we have to deal this time, I want to thank you for your good work yesterday in entertaining Mrs. Blinking. This will be a sort of apology for my rude act," and he extended the package.

It was a china goat.

"They were out of pigs," explained Henry.

"This'll do just as well," said Isabel, hugginb it to her. Perhaps, that twinkle in Isabel's eyes meant that it was more appropriate, everything considered.

"HOW MUCH DID THIS ROMAN HOLIDAY OF YOURS COST," HE ASKED.

George V Has Shown Power as a Diplomat

Continued from second page.

tablished which is nothing short of an alliance, it has been accomplished almost wholly and entirely by the late King's frequent visits to the banks of the Seine, by his intercourse with the Chief Magistrate and leading statesmen of France and by the attention which he lavished upon them when they made their return visits to him in London.

When Edward VII first went to Paris after his accession his welcome by the official world was merely formal, while the public showed itself so cold that grave fears were entertained of a hostile manifestation against him which might have resulted in war; in fact, there were many English and French statesmen who at the time regarded his arrival in Paris with the utmost misgiving. Before he had been a week in Paris he had conquered the good will of the public, just in the same way as the Kaiser has recently won the cordial friendship and sympathy of the people of London, and before his death Edward VII had become, of all foreign monarchs, the most popular and the most welcome in Paris, where, by dint of personal intercourse, he succeeded in convincing the people and the governing classes that dependence can now be placed on England's friendship and that the days are past and gone when Great Britain justified in Gallic eyes her name of "Perfide Albion."

Again, it was Edward VII who by his personal interviews and intercourse with his nephew, the present Czar, managed to put an end to the hostility which had existed for more than three-quarters of a century between Russia and England, a hostility that cost each of the two empires enormous loss of life and treasure and retarded the peaceful development of civilization and of trade in Asia for near a hundred years. Ever since the meetings between King Edward and the Czar at Reval and at Cowes Russia has been England's friend, instead of her foe, and the old dread of a Muscovite invasion of India—the bogey of every governor general at Calcutta, from Canning to Curzon—has entirely disappeared.

Had King Edward seen more of his nephew, the Kaiser, instead of pointedly avoiding him, there would have been less room for the play of those intriguers at the courts of St. James's and of Potsdam, who believed it to be to their interest to keep the two monarchs apart and to foster ill will between them. Much of the Anglo-German bitterness of the last ten years, now happily dispelled, but which has been a source of so much international concern, disturbance and expense, has been due to the personal prejudice thus fomented of the late King Edward against the Kaiser. Irritable remarks, uttered on the impulse of the moment, by the King about the Kaiser were conveyed in all haste from London to Berlin, and the most mischievous and unfriendly interpretation placed thereon, while at Potsdam there were plenty of people only too ready to communicate, in the most highly colored fashion possible, petulant references of Emperor William to his uncle. Edward was thus led to believe that William was bent on harming England, while, on the other hand, the Kaiser was taught to believe that his uncle's one aim in life was to organize an international coalition to control and dominate Germany. Had they seen more of each other—that is, after Edward VII became King, and especially during the last half of his reign—much ill feeling between England and Germany might have been avoided.

If to-day Bulgaria is a prosperous kingdom, with an army so powerful as to constitute a very important factor in the troubled situation in Eastern Europe, it is almost wholly due to King Ferdinand's frequent visits to the various capitals of Europe and to the personal influence which he was thus able to exercise upon the rulers and governments of the great powers. The amount of travelling which he has done since he ascended the throne of Bulgaria, near a quarter of a century ago, has been altogether phenomenal. But it is thanks to this that Bulgaria is to-day no longer a vassal state of the Ottoman Empire.

If Greece has managed to retain her independence during the last fifty years, which was never more seriously threatened than when, in 1895, the victorious Turkish army was within a day's march of Athens, it has been wholly due to the personal relations of King George with the foreign rulers, many of them his kinsfolk—relations maintained by frequent visits to their respective capitals. If Emperor William has succeeded in obtaining for Germany almost a monopoly of the foreign trade of the Turkish Empire, especially of Asia Minor, it was through his personal intercourse with Sultan Abdul Hamid, to whom he paid two memorable visits at Constantinople.

It must always be borne in mind that the conduct of the foreign policy of a nation is vested by the constitution in its ruler. It is therefore of the utmost importance that he should be in close touch and on terms of personal acquaintance with his fellow rulers. Had President Roosevelt personally known the Czar, the Kaiser, King Edward and the Mikado in 1905 he would have been in a position to move more rapidly and effectively than he did in bringing the war in Manchuria to a close. There is no doubt that if the relations of the United States with Japan have become so much smoother than they were under the last administration it is because President Taft knows, and is personally known by, the Tenno and the leading statesmen at Tokio, who are convinced of his loyal determination to maintain the friendliest relations with Dai Nippon. That William H. Taft is an extremely able diplomat has been vouched for at the Vatican, one of the oldest schools of international statecraft in the world, and where his measure was taken when he settled the difficult problem of the lands belonging to the religious orders in the Philippines to every one's satisfaction. That is why I cannot help believing that the exercise of his diplomacy in personal intercourse with the rulers of the Old World would prove of inestimable advantage to the United States.

EX-ATTACHE.